

The Unfortunate SHEPHERD's

G A R L A N D

In Three PARTS.

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PART I How a Shepherd fell in Love with
a Lady of great Fortune.

PART II. How the Lady dreamed that she
could fancy a Shepherd, went to seek him
whom she found lying on the Groundmaking
his Complaint ; and by these Means their
Love was made known to each other.

PART III. How it was told to her Father,
who persuaded her to go with him to London,
where he made her marry a noble Baron, who
as soon as he had spent all she had, went and
left her ; upon which the Lady run distracted
and died : With several other Things worthy
of Observation.





• THE
Unfortunate Shepherd's GARLAND, &c.

The Shepherd's Complaint.

NEAR to a sweet delightful Green,
Where Shepherds and Nymphs were seen,
To love the charming Beauty bright,
The Swain was wounded at her Sight.

The Shepherd said, What comes to me,
That I must thus intang. led be;
Who is it for this Lady fair,
That I thus burning Torture bear?

If it be so, I love in vain,
I know she would scorn me with disdain;
If I should court this charming Dove,
For she will not a Shepherd love.

She is a Lady of great Might,
And fit for some great Lord or Knight;
Therefore my Hopes are all in vain,
She will not love a Shepherd Swain.

Oh! that I could her Servant be,
 To wait on her that I might see
 Each Day her charming pretty Face,
 Which does appear with so much Grace.

But eh! the Fates are most unkind,
 I never dare to tell my Mind,
 Because I am not worthy sure,
 Come Death and be my perfect Cure.

She is an Heireſs that I know,
 Therefore her Father will bestow
 Her on ſome wealthy Man of Fame,
 For which I well may bluſh for Shame.

To think of my unhappy Fate,
 To love a Woman that's ſo great;
 But yet I must do what I can,
 Surely I am a ruin'd Man.

My Fortune ſure is very hard,
 To love and yet muſt be debarr'd.
 For her whom no fain would have,
 I die, I die a Captive Slave.

I am not the firſt that dy'd for Love,
 But in this lonesome thady Grove,
 I mean to end my mournful Days,
 But whilſt I live her Charms I'll praise.



P A R T I I.

NO W in the second Part I'll write,
Concerning of this Lady bright;
And in a few Words I'll briefly show,
How the his Love came for to know.

One certain Night now as it seems,
This Lady haunted was with Dreams;
And in her Thoughts fanci'd a Vow,
A Shepherd fain would be her Choice.

He's all alone in yonder Grove,
With your sweet Charms wrap up in Love,
On that poor Swain some Pity take,
Or else for Love his Heart will brea k

Next Morning when she wak'd we find,
The Lady ponder'd in her Mind;
Then being full resolv'd to go,
To see if it was so or no.

According to her Dream she found,
A Shepherd lying on the Ground;
She was amazed this Sight to view,
And said, I find some Dreams are true.

He looks to be both mean and poor,
And I'm blest with Riches store;
Therefore he is no Man for me,
I must have one of high Degree.

I pity him that loves in vain,
So thought to wander back again;
With that young Cupid sent a Dart,
And fairly shot her to the Heart.

With that she changed her Note, and said,
I find my yealding Heart's betray'd;
What sudden Change is come to me,
Methinks I love him heartily.

Not knowing that she was so near,
He often said, My Joy, my Dear,
My Thoughts are tortur'd with your Charms,
I should be happy in your Arms.

And so thou shalt, my Love, she cry'd,
So sitting down close by his Side,
There in his Lap she plac'd her Head,
He could not speak but lay for dead.

With over Joy he swooned then,
She soon revived him again,
With some choice comfortable Thing,
Which with her she that Time did bring.

Being reviv'd these Words he spoke,
Lady, my Heart was almost broke,
Altho' I am unworthy sure,
Your Love affords a perfect Cure.

The Lady said, Sweet loving Swain,
Thou shalt no longer live in Pain,
I'll not slight thee, no not I,
But straight into thy Arms I'll fly.



P A R T III:

O Even Times they did in Private meet,
With Compliments and Kisses sweet,
They often did their Joys renew,
As constant Lovers ought to do.

But many Crosses falls in Love,
To those that does so constant prove :
Give me but leave and I shall write,
How all those Joys were blasted quite.

It was told her Father out of Spite,
A Shepherd was her whole Delight,
Which put him into such a Rage,
That nothing could his Grief asswage..

So sending for his Daughter straight,
Betwixt them was a sad debate;
He used many Arguments
That he would shew great Violence.

You may have Noblemen I know,
And will you now disgrace us so
In loving one of Shepherds Crew,
I mean to punish him and you.

Father, if you the Scripture look,
King David had a Shepherd's Crook,
And was a Shepherd's Boy you know,
Then don't disdain a Shepherd so.

Her Father said, What Spleen of Heart,
 I will confine you for your Part ;
 And him I will to Prison send,
 A Gallows soon his Life will end.

This passed on, at length one Day
 Her Father mildly did say.
 You must with me to London go,
 And for what Reason you shall know. —

A noble Baron there does dwell,
 I am sure he loves you well ;
 If you'll but yield to be his Wife,
 Then I'll save the Shepherd's Life.

And set him to his Liberty,
 Else otherwise he sure shall die,
 To save his Life she was so kind
 To yeald tho' much against her Mind.

The Shepherd did his Freedom gain,
 But was in sad tormenting Pain,
 To loose his Love that was so kind,
 He could no rest nor comfort find.

The Shepherd said, This Vow I'll make,
 Never to marry for her Sake ;
 But will go single to my Grave,
 That loving Lady's Captive Slave.

And the poor Lady for her Part,
 Went sore with heavy Heart ;
 Husband proved a Villain too,
 And resort a wicked Crew. —